I walk by

the kids from Germantown Friends School
in their ragbag jeans and sweatshirts,
private-school assured. I grew up

in New Haven, much shyer, where
    Yankees looked down

      a long, long nose at
        Irish and Italians--

 "Harps and Ghinnies" in that time--
    saying "steer right you little
      proletarian bastards!"